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Collated & Perfect. J.H. 1798.

THE SUBJECTS JOY FOR The Kings Restoration,

Cheerfully made known IN

A Sacred MASQUE:

Gratefully made publique FOR

His saCRed Majesty.

First Edition.

By the Author of

INQUISITIO ANGLICANA.

Anthony Sadler.

2 KING. XI. 12.

And he brought forth the Kings Son, *and put the* Crown *upon him; and gave him the* Testimony, *and they made him* King; *and* Anointed *him, and clapt their hands, and said* —— God save the *KING.*

LONDON:

Printed, in the year of Grace, for *James Davis*, and are to be sold at the *Greyhound* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1660.

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Charlotte Harris
Nov. 11, 1922
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To His Excellency

The Lord General MONCK.

Heroick Sir,

THE *preſent affairs of this Kingdom, are, ſo providentially managed, by God; ſo prudentially, by You; and ſo happily--- opportunely, for the building up, the Ruins; and repairing of the Breaches, both in Church, and State: that, the Factioniſt, malignes; the Temporiſt, admires; and Royalliſt, congratulates; ſo hopeful a beginning.*

Let it not then diſpleaſe (my Lord) if now, one of thoſe poor grateful Royalliſts; hath (in this ſpring of hope) ſo cheerful a boldneſs, as to beg the favour of your Excellency, to Patronize this Peece.

This Peece (I confeſs) is Theatrical, New, and

Strange; Strange, but yet Pertinent; New, but yet Serious; and Theatrical, but yet Sacred.

Nor am I in This, either singular, or affected; while Apollinarius *and* Nazianzen (*two antient Fathers of the Primitive Church*) *are known to be exemplary in this very way.*

The truth is, I am now upon the well-tun'd Pin (with my Palm, and my Psalm) to chant an Hosanna *for the Kings Reception.*

I am now upon the joyful Stage, to play the devout Comædian; and by a new Triumphal, to court the affections, of the most Disloyall.

Upon the Stage I am, that (as by a true reflection, to shew the radiancy of my divine zeal) so, I might (by congruous Divinity) render Corah *(notwithstanding his holy Plea) Rebellious: and Treason (notwithstanding* Garnet's *Straw, and* Becket's *Canonization) in the Abstract, hateful, both to God, and man.*

Religion and Allegience, are the wings of the soul, to mount her unto Heaven: and the present Masque, is, but to preserve the Beauty, of so fair an Allegation; and to attest before the world, my utter abhorrency of the least Confederation, against the Higher Powers.

Oh Sir! may the Higher Powers be, as safe, as sacred:

sacred: and may That Sacred Person, into whose hands, God, by his Grace; Nature, by Descent; and the Law, by Right; have successively given the Globe and the Scepter: may, He, ----- ah may He be, as happy, as He is Good; and as Good, as He is Great: the Best of Men, crowned with the Best of Blessings.

Sir ---- your Excellency is now, the Renowned Instrument, of wonderful Transactions: In the name of God, go on, and prosper.

Certainly (my Lord) if your auspicious self, shall (with this hopefully-happy Parliament) go on, to Act for God; and the good of his distressed People:

By Enthroning,

The most Illustrious Prince,

And

Our Lawful King,

Charles the Second:

For the Setling, *of the* State:
For the Reforming, *of the* Church:

For the Eſtabliſhing, *of the* Lawes:
And the Maintaining, *our* Reiigion;
That moſt true, Proteſtant Religion,
Of the Church *of* England:
I am confident, ----- *You ſhall as ſurely Proſper, in having*,
The Holy Spirit of God, *to be* Your Guid:
The holy Angels of God, *to be* Your Guard:
Here, to be Famous; *and Hereafter, to be* Glorious; *as there is a God, in Heaven.*

So Believeth, and Affirmeth; -----

Ever Devoted ——

To God: ——

His Prince: ——

And Countrey,

Anthony Sadler.

TO THE

Candid Reader.

THis is the Month, this is That Month of Marth,
Which Tunes our Noats to ſing our Princes Birth.
This is that Month, this is The Month of *May*,
Which Loyall *London* cals her Holy-day.

The Prince (as now new Born) from the wombe,
Of Hardeſt Travail, is Deliver'd. ——— Come ———
The Midwifery of Heaven, doth Preſent
A saCRed Monarch, to the Parliament:
And That, to Us; and We, to Heaven again,
Preſent our Thanks, and Bleſs our Soveraign.

Rejoyce (my ſoul) to ſee the Prince of Worth,
(The Worlds wonder) brought ſo Timely forth.
Rejoyce Bleſt Prince, thy Throne is bleſt with Peace:
Thy welcome Income, makes our Wars to ceaſe.
Rejoyce my Fellow-Subjects, All, as One,
Congratulate the Riſing of This Sonne;
Whoſe Royall Luſtre hath diſpell'd our Fears,
And Clouds of Grief, to drop with Joyful Tears.

Anthony Sadler.

In this MASQUE are

6. *Shewes.*
10. *Speeches.*
3. *Songs.*

The Perſons in the ſeveral *Shews*, Speaking the ſeveral *Speeches*,

Are
- *Pſyche.*
- *King* David.
- *King* Abijah.
- *His Queen-Mother.*
- *Two Dukes, his Brothers.*
- *The High Prieſt.*
- *The Lord General.*
- *The Prophet* Shemaiah.

The Scene,

For the
- *Land* is *Canaan.*
- *Place* is *Bethel.*
- *Perſon* is *Jeroboam.*

A Divine

A Divine Masque.

The private Speech OF The *AUTHOR* In Society with his Friends, to entertain the Time before the Masque begun.

YOu know (Dear Friends)
That, *Video, Vindico*; is God's Motto upon Traitors: but it is our duty to wait Gods time; for, he that *shall* come, *will*: and he that *will* come, is; to the help of his Anointed.

God (hath in mercy) made his people to return, return to their duty, of Praying for the King.

His very Name now, is pretious; his Presence, long'd for; and a General joy, attends the hope, to see him, in his Throne.

So that now (seeing) the Royal Son, begin to rise; and my Loyal fancy, to be as lucky, as divine:

My heart reviv'd, my Muse rejoyc'd, to bring,
Her Off-spring out, to welcome in, the King.
Two Virgins (dress'd in Print) with blest accord,
To give a *Salve*, unto our Soveraign Lord.

The Elder, is a Sybillian; and to acheer the King) doth (by a Prophetick Pen) write a Prædiction, in a Lamentation.

The Younger, is a Masquer; and she also (to acheer the King) doth (by pretty Scenes) præsagingly-præact, his (just) Inauguration.

They are Both, the Issue, of one Parent; Legitimate, and Loyal: but —— upon the very Conception of the Masquer; much troubled I was; on whom, and where, and how, to lay the Scene.

I once thought to have made — *England*, the Nation; *Westminster*, the Place; and then ——

My purpose was, the Powder-traitors Plot;
For to have made my Subject; and their Lot,
(To Ruine cast) have shewn. I had thought,
To've made their way, a Warning; and had brought,
Examples, pertinent; prophane, but true;
To make their shame, as fearful, as its due.
But, this not fully reaching, to the aim,
Of what I would; I then, begun again;
Consulted God, and took my Object higher;
I made my Subject, sacred; and came nigher,

To

To ſhew a Traitors Doom from Scripture: then —
I pitch'd on *Zedekiah*. ——
Knowing well,
That, *Zedekiah* when he did Rebell,
Againſt th' Covenant, made; and Oath, he took;
To be the King of *Babels* Vice-Roy —— look.
Oh how the faithful God, did take to heart;
The wrong, thus offer'd, unto Either Part:

His (1) Name; the Heathens (2) Right, and *Iſraels* (3) Law:
Made (1) Vain; as (2) Void; and (3) Vile; by *Zedekiah*.

Treaſons abhord: and God would make him know it;
And (maugre *Egypt*, and all's Force) did ſhow it.
The *Caldee* Army came at length, to prove,
A Traitors tongue, calls Vengance from Above;
And God, and Man, to right ſuch wrongs doth move.
Jeruſalem, — that ſtrong and ſtately City,
Is cloſe beſieg'd; without regard, or pity,
Of either Place, or Perſons; want, within;
And Fear, without; makes every face look thin.
Within, they faint; without the walls, they fall;
The City's broken up; the King, and All,
Fly for their Lives: —— but, whither ſhall they fly,
Whom God purſues, with's Anger's Hue and Cry?
King *Zedekiah* (now the woful ſcorn,
Of the *Chaldean* Army) is forlorn:
(Purſude, and taken) he is Vilifi'd;
To *Riblah* hurried: and there juſtly tri'd:
Tri'd by the Prince abus'd; and the ſame King,
Who gave him leave to Rule, as Underling;
He is his Judge; and rightfully condemns,
His Treaſons, and his Traitrous ſtratagems.

He ſlayes his Sons before him ; makes him ſee,
His Sin hath ruind his Poſterity.
Then puts he out his Eyes, as having been,
The Viſible Contrivers of that Scene.
At laſt he (bound in Chains) in Priſon lies ;
And (living Poor, and Blinde) there (wretched) dies.

And here, I ſtopt ; ——
Two Subjects more (more fit)
Courting my Fancy ; thus my Fancy writ.

Zimri would be King of *Iſrael :*
And ſo would *Shallum* too :
Two Subjects : but, Both, Traitors :
Both, Murderers : and Murdered :
A wicked Pair well met ; and truly matcht ;
For Fate, and Fortune, equal : ſtrangely hatcht.
Each, was a King :
In Name ; but, not by Right :
Not by Succeſſion ; but, by Trechery :
Not by Choyce ; but, Uſurpation :
Not by Conqueſt ; but, Rebellion :
They matter'd not which way ;
So the End were gotten.
But, — ah how ſoon,
Is the Head of Ambition, turn'd round ?
With what prodigious ſpeed,
Doth the ſhort time, of their Tryumphing fly ?
A certain ſhame,
Waits on, their fickle glory ;
And their deceitful Glaſs,
Of falſe-reflecting-Beauty
While 'tis but lookt upon, 'tis broken. Though

Though Presumption leads the Van ;
Despair, brings up the Rear ;
Of all their Squadrons.
Zimri, is scarce seated in the Throne ;
But, Vengeance follows him :
His seven dayes Reign, is dearly bought ;
And his End, is as dreadful, as his Treason.
He saves the Executioner, a labour ;
And by a Strange Device,
To put his Ashes in a Royal Urn,
He Fires the Pallace, and Himself doth burn.

And was not *Shallum* haunted,
With as ill Success, in as high a Fortune ?
Past Grace, past Shame.
He dares Heaven to defend the King :
While he conspires to Murder him.
Not because, *Zachariah* was as Bad, as Any ;
But because, He was Above All :
He had the Supremacy ;
And *Shallum* longs for't :
And now, his Pride ;
Admits no Obstacle, —— as legal :
The Thirst of his Ambition,
Must be quench'd with Blood ;
Not Popular ; but Royal ;
Not of Any Prince ; but his Own ;
Not a in Private; but a Publique way ;
Not by Others ; but his Own hands :
Thus, he contrives to Kill ;
And Kills, to Reign ;
And Reign, he doth ;——
A Rebel, — but no Soveraign.

Yet now, — (as arrogant as the Devil)
The Glory of the world's His:
He won it, by the Sword;
And by the Sword, he'le keep it.
A Traitors Plea right:
He that set him, to this School;
Taught him his Lesson well.
But, —— the Feet of wool, have Hands of Iron:
God, is Slow, but Sure:
Shallum (with a vengance) findes it;
He findes it: but ——
Not so much Slow — and — Sure,
As Sure — and — Sudden.
Shallum kill'd his Lord;
And the Servant, kill'd *Shallum*.
Zimri was destroyed by Himself:
Shallum, by Another:
Zimri, at a Weeks End:
And *Shallum*, at a Months.
Thus, — he that Kills his Prince, to wear his Crown;
To warm his Fingers, burns a Pallace down:
Deludes, destroyes himself; and while he venters,
To round, a seeming Heaven; Hell, concenters.
Villain forbear: do'nt suck thy Princes Blood:
Forbidden meat, is no fit meat for Food.

And here (notwithstanding the time I had spent; and model, I had made; and had (as in a manner) laid the Scene, upon these Persons, and this Peece, of thus revenged Treason: yet,) my minde was farther prest, to take another, and to begin anew.

At last, the Needle left her trembling Round:
And my Magnetick Fancy, fixt I found.

I found my Subject: and when All is done,
My Subject's *Jeroboam*, *Nebat*'s Sonne.

Jeroboam

Whoſe Hope, though (at the laſt) it was deceived; and his Policy, defeated; and his Pride, debaſed; and his Perſon, deſtroyed; (for,

The Lord ſtrook him, and he died.)

Yet, this Cataſtrophe, ——

Of That

Ominous Politician:

Was (for many years) as really Improbable; as was, the Settlement of *Abijah*, ſeemingly Impoſſible. ——

But ſtay, This ruder Peece, is dedicated to the publick view; and the contingency of cenſure: I will (therefore) no longer detain you, from your Places; nor anticipate your fancy.

My good wiſhes, wait upon your favour; and the better Omen of the Maſque, upon your Perſons, and your Fortunes.

So we All aroſe, and went into the Theater; where (we being Sate) four Trumpeters did enter; and having ſounded a *Victoria*, a Levite preſents himſelf, and ſpeaks ——

The Argument.

In the dayes of *Reboboam* (the Son of *Solomon*) did *Jeroboam* (the Son of *Nebat*) rebel againſt his King. 1 King. 11. 26

In which Rebellion, when he had continued eighteen years: then began *Abijah* (the Son of *Reboboam*) to reign over *Juda*. 1 King. 12. 19 2 Chron. 13.

In

Jer. 2. In the third year of whose Reign, he waged war; and set the Battel in Aray, against *Jeroboam:* who,
ing. 14. 20. when he had plaid *Rex*, so long a time, as two and twenty years: and had an Army, so Great, as of
Chron. 13. 3. Eight hundred Thousand, chosen men, being mighty men of Valour: yet then, even then; was the Lord pleased, to make his Arm, bare; his Justice, known; the Truth, prevalent; and his Name, glorious.

For, this so successful Treason, this numerous Army, and unhappily-happy-Traitor; were, in their
Chron. 13. best Condition; and their greatest Confidence, to-
13. tally subdued, and fearfully overthrown; five hun-
15. dred thousand of them slain: their General enforc't
16. to fly; and (as a Warning to all Rebels) exem-
17. plarily struck dead by the Hand of the Lord.
19.
20.

In a grateful Commemoration, of which Signal Victory; and in an holy Preomination of the years succeeding, Fortunate, to the Truth and Loyalty; was, this new-mysterious Masque first made: —— wherein ——

Abijah, and King's Cause;
Jeroboam, and the Rebels;

(With the justice, and success, of Both) are timously made obvious; to

The Comfort, and Encouragement,
Of
All Loyal Subjects.

ul. 37. 36, 37. *I my self* (saith the Royal Prophet) *have seen the Ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green Bay Tree:*

And

And I went by, and lo, he was gone; I ſought him, but his Place could no where be found.

An Unwiſe man (ſaith the ſame Author) *doth not well conſider This; and a fool doth not underſtand it.* Pſal. 92. 6.

When the Ungodly are green, as the Graſs; and when all the workers of wickedneſs, do flouriſh; then ſhall they be Deſtroyed for ever.

For (ſaith *Ignatius* Martyr) *Nemo qui ſe contra Præſtantiorem extulit; impunitus unquam abiit.* Epiſ. 3.

With that (he going off the Stage) a young Prince Enters; wearing a Purple Robe, and his head, Crown'd: in the one hand, holding an Olive branch; in the other, a Palm; and ſpeaks ——

The Prologue.

What means this Dreſs,
And to what purpoſe, thus;
Am I Attir'd?
The manners ominous;
A true Præſage, of ſtrange Events; to come,
On After Ages; by a Preſent Doome.
What means this Place,
What Perſons do I ſee?
I ſee, great Perſons; and their Places, be,
Upon *Seſoſtris* wheele:
My Soveraign's Crown,
In's Grand-child's time's uſurpt; and Rebels own.
I ſee again,
By Scripture, and by Reaſon;
An End, both Sad, and ſure; attends on Treaſon:
His Sin is Fatal, who his Fall laments not;
His Fall, is Final; who his Sin repents not.

He walks ſtately; and looks upon himſelf.

Traitors, as Witches are;
And Witches never,
Become Converted, but Condemned ever.
When Loyal Subjects,
(Howſoere they Fare)
As Bleſſed Angels (Angels bleſſed) are.
Their hope — and — love eſpouſe,
And faith doth ty,
Their true Allegiance, faſt, to Soveraignty.
'Tis not the Tempeſt of the rougheſt Croſſes,
Can ſhipwrack their Obedience, with their Loſſes.
It's ſo obſerv'd:
And *Pſyche* (by the way)
Is Staid, and Pray'd, their Banner to diſplay;
And here it's done, in a Triumphant Story:
Which flouts, and routs, all traitors ſhameful-glory.
This is the Subject, of the Sequel Maſque;
Which *Pſyche* now, makes Mine; and I, your Task:
I, to reſume; and You, for to revolve;
And Each, by Application, to reſolve;
That this Sad-Sacred-pleaſing-Scene, is laid;
To make the Good, rejoyce; the Bad, afraid.
But hark———
The Muſick ſounds;
To my preventing:
May All, have Mirth: and *Pſyche* ———
True contenting.

Exit.

The

The loud Muſique ſounds
And
The Firſt Shew's Preſented
Being

A Landskip in form of a Square; having in the one Angle, a Promontory; whereon the rural Nymphs were ſporting, and under it, the Sea; wherein, was a gallant Navy ſayling.

In another Angle, was a Garden; giving all the delight that dainty flowers; pleaſant walks; and Muſical water-works could yeild.

In the Third Angle, was a Caſtle, ſtrongly, and bravely fortified; in the face whereof, was an Army compleatly Armed, marching in Aray.

In the fourth Angle, was a Park; well-wooded, and ſtor'd with Deer: Gallants a hunting, and the Hounds upon a full Cry.

In the middle of this Quadrangle, was a Grove of Cedars; out of which came a Shepherdeſs, in a green Gown, and a Garland on her Head; attended by a Swain, in a Shepherds Coat, and a Pipe in his Hand: Each then, ſaluting other; the One Playes; and Both, Dance: which done — they pull off their Diſguiſes, and diſcover themſelves, to be, an Angel, and Pſyche: Pſyche *then (inſtructed by the Angel) making an humble Addreſs, and due Obſervance to* R. A. *the King.*

Kneels down, and Speaks.

The firſt Speech.

Dread Sir — I crave your Pardon;
Which, if You,

Shall pleaſe to grant;
I crave your Patience too,
Which, if you promiſe;
Then I crave your Ear;
Which, if you deign;
Then, let your Highneſs hear.
What was that Heathen, that he ſhould out-brave,
God's Cauſe, and Army, and a Challenge crave?
Or, what's this Traitor, that the Gauntlet throwes,
In ſcorn of God, and doth the King oppoſe?
At length, ——
A Youth, but with a Stone and Sling;
Anſwer'd, and Conquer'd, that fell Phyliſtine.
And ſo, ere long, ——
As mean a Meanes, may Be,
The Scenes to Act this Villaines Tragedie.
Believe it' King *Abijah*,
You ſhall find;
The fall of *Jeroboam* is deſign'd.
Not from that Giant; but, this Rebell;
I ——— ——
Foreſee the Sequel, by Imparitie:
For, True that Monſter was;
And his Strange Pride,
Did Vaunt but's Valour, to advance his Side.
But This,
-----Was monſtrous Falſe:
And's frantick Zeal,
To turn a Kingdom, to a Common-weal;
Prayes, and Betrayes;
Swears, and Forſwears; to further,
——— The King in's Throne:
----The King at's Gate, to Murder. *Corah's*

Corah's was nothing, if compar'd to This ;
—— This perjur'd Changling's Metamorphoſis :
The Way, was worſe ;
And may a worſer Fate,
Then *Corah*'s, or *Goliah*'s ;
Antedate —— the Transformation :
Prodigious Stars, portend his Fall ;
By Famine, Plague, or Wars.
May Loyalty, be bleſt :
Your Highneſs, Crownd :
And God, Convert ; or elſe your Foes Confound.
May you obtrude Intruders, from the Keyes ;
And keep them Sacred to Divine Decrees.
May *Aarons* Rod ſtill flouriſh : and You be,
A Nurſing Father, both to It, and Me.
Still may the Lord, your Majeſty defend ;
And Peace, or Patience, to your Subjects ſend.
Long may you live, ————
And live ſo long, to Reign ;
Till Treaſon be Reveng'd, and Traitors ſlain.
This, This I ask, ——
Which granted, I'le give ore :
And Bleſs my God, and You ; ——
And ask no more.

The King then drew off his Glove, and (holding out his hand) Pſyche *roſe up ; and (kneeling down again) ſhe kiſs'd it.*

The Queen then (obſerving Pſyche, *to have a curious Voyce) deſired her to Sing : and (without denial, or reply) her good Angel ſtanding by her, playing on a Lute , ſhe ſung* ——

The first Song.

1.

No more, no more, to ask,
Of God, and King,
Too sad's a Task,
In this glad Masque;
To undertake, and sing.

2.

But, since my Loyal tongue;
Hath Royal greeting;
'Twere double wrong,
A single Song,
For to deny this Meeting.

3.

Angels, and Men, shall know;
And All, hold forth;
The Zeal I ow,
And love I show,
Unto my Princes worth.

4.

And now, in grateful-wise,
I'le kneel agen; kneels.
To Sympathize,
The Peoples Cryes,
God save the King. *Amen.*

With that (an Acclamation being made) the Scene, upon a suddain, chang'd; and then (the loud Musique sounding a second time.)

The

The Second Shew's presented
being

A pleasant Plain, encompassed with Hills: in the middle of which Plain, was a fair City; and in the City a glorious Temple; and in the Temple, a goodly Person: Which Person (having on, a Robe of fine linnen; and a curious Ephod upon the Robe; and a golden Girdle upon the Ephod) walketh into the Sanctum Sanctorum, *with the Book of the Law, in his hand, and thus speaks ——*

Jerusalem King *David*

The Second Speech.

In this *Asylum* ————
Doth (for certain) dwell,
God, and my Devotions Oracle.
Hence am I Taught:
And Here I am; to know;
The Reason why, the wicked Prosper so?
I know, the Lord is Just:
But yet, —— his wayes,
Seem very strange, and many doubtings raise.
For, —— he fulfils the wicked man's request;
And more then's Vote, doth correspond his Brest.
He fears not Death:
Nor doth his Body feel,
The darts of Sickness, or the Sword of Steel.
His Arm is brawny;
And his Army's stout;
And bravely Valiant, when he Marches out.
They —— deck themselves with Pride, as with a chain,
And as a Garment, so they wear Disdain.

They

They Drink: they Drab:
And live licentious Lives:
They mock at God:
And yet ——— their Doing thrives.
They kill---- their King:
Their Brethren, they Enſlave:
They Rob, and Spoil: and no Religion have.
As Beaſts of Prey, they have devouring Paws:
As bloody Tyrants, they have broke all Laws:
The Laws of God:
Of Nature:
And the Land:
And Crown'd their Treaſon, with Supreme Com-
Yet —— God's not mov'd: (mand.
Except, it be to Bleſs;
Such Ill Proceedings, with a good Succeſs.
At night,
He guards them, in their ſafe Repoſes;
And when 'tis Day,
He trims their Heads with Roſes.
This, ——— makes them bragg;
Their Cauſe, is moſt Divine:
And Stately Fortune, makes their Cauſe to Shine.
This, —— makes Me grieve;
For This, I come, to know;
The Reaſon why, the wicked Proſper ſo?

With that,
A ſoft-ſmall-voyce, deep ſilence brake;
And thus,
This Anſwer, to the Queſtion ſpake.

The Oracle.

Let God be true, and every man a Lyar:
The Bramble-buſh, is but (at beſt) a Bryar;
It cannot be a Cedar.
The wicked may,
Walk in the *broader*; but, not *ſafer* way.
To ſtand upon a Pinacle in pride;
Is very vain, and perilous beſide.
The more the wicked have; the more's their ſcore;
Upon the *Audit-Book* to reckon for.
They are the leſs excus'd, in having thus,
All as they would, exceeding proſperous.
Their proſperous State, is as a Chance that's caſt;
And lucky Chances, do not alwayes laſt.
Their only Portion, on the Earth is given;
Excluded ever, from a part in Heaven.
They are the *Rods* of God; and when his turn
Is ſerv'd upon his Children, he will burn.
Their ſeeming Chryſtall is but reall Ice;
They ſlide, and fall, and periſh in a trice.
Their former Honour ſhall be quite forgot;
And *Jeroboam*, with his fame, ſhall rot.
He and all Rebells do ride poſt to Hell;
And this for Truth the Oracle doth tell.
Then — let thy Faith, and Hope, and Love, be firm;
(Whoere's aboard, it's God that ſits at th'Stern.
He will thee guide with Councell;
If thou lov'ſt him:
And never fail thee,
Whenſoere thou prov'ſt him.

Continue conſtant in thy fervent praying;
Hee'l Crown thy Expectation——
And my ſaying.

Then was a noyſe of chearfull Muſique heard,
And ſights of Joy (and Angels ſeen) appear'd;
And therewithall ——

The Third Shew's preſented,
being

A ſtately Pallace, wherein, was a Room of Alablaſter (hang'd with Cloth of Gold, richly and curiouſly Embroydered, with the lively, and Emboſs'd Imagery of David *and* Solomon; *with the Hiſtory of both: in the Hangings, were ſeverall Rowes of Jewels; whoſe Luſtre was irradiant; and as ſo many Starres enlightened all the Room) whereinto (attended by Fifty Perſons, all cloth'd alike, in Coats of Crimſon Velvet, with green Sattin ſleeves; their Stockings green Silk; with Garters and Roſes, of Gold and Crimſon) came*——

The King of Judah,
The Queen his Mother,
Two Dukes, his Brothers,
The High-Prieſt,
The Levites,
The Generall of the Army,
And the Captain of the Guard.

The King, Queen, and Princes, ſate in their Chairs of State: All the reſt at a diſtance ſate bare-headed.

Then,

Then the King (liſting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven) ſmote upon his Breaſt; and thus his minde expreſs'd ——— in ———

The Third Speech.

It makes us ſport, to play with Eaſie Cares;
When, Heavier, make us Dumb.
The Greater Fears,
Put *Speech* it ſelf to ſilence; and the Ears,
To hear no Language but the Voyce of Tears.
Yet I ———
Th'unhappy Grand-Sonne of that *King*;
Whoſe Wealth, and Wiſedome;
Power, and *Peace*; do ring,
With Everlaſting Fame:
I - - - - I am *Hee* ———
Muſt hear ſuch Fame blaſphem'd by Obloquie:
Muſt Hear't, and doe;
And Speak on't too.
Was ever Grief like mine?
I am the Object, wrongfully diſplac'd:
Of Honour ſham'd: and *Majeſty* debas'd:
Of Favour, much deſpis'd: of *Power*, made weak:
Of *SaCRed Peace*, made *Civil Peace* to break.
Was ever Caſe like mine?
My Kingdome's Raviſht:
Aud my Virgin Throne,
Baſely's Deflowr'd by Rebellion:
My Royall Robe is rent:
My Scepter, broke:
My Crown, is fallen:
And the Loyall Yoak,

Of Legall Tribute (to my greater croſſe)
With ſcorn, is torn, to my greateſt loſſe.
Was ever wrong like mine?
The Traytors fury is without reſpect,
Of Perſons, and of Duty:
Their neglect———
Doth know no Bounds:
They will doe, as they ſay; (ſway.
Their Will's their Law; and with their Swords they
Were ever Foes like mine?
Theſe———
With their *Old Projector* (to our woe)
Have caus'd our grief, and grievous overthrow:
Theſe———
Fought to kill---- my Father:
And can I———
Expect good Quarter, from ſuch Soldiery?
Alas! they are inhuman;
And no means,
Of Princely Favour;
Shining from the Beams,
Of Majeſty it ſelf;
Can make them know,
Or once acknowledge,
They ſubjection owe,
To any, but the ſtronger:
Theſe be *they*———
Whom ſelf-advantage turns any way:
Were ever Foes like mine?
And ſuch as, theſe;———
Or rather juſt the ſame;
Were ſome that fled, and to our Party came;

Came,

Came,—— but, as Spies;
And so it prov'd at length;
We lost their *duty* when we lost our *strength*:
Were ever Friends like mine?
This,——
In my Fathers Reign was sadly—true;
And what can I against so false a Crue?
They have disclaim'd my Right:
And few, or none;
But only God's my Consolation.
I am by *SaCRed* and by *Civill* claim;
To all the *Tribes*, the Lawfull *Soveraign*:
Yet I —— their *KING* ——
Must see my Right, made Voyd;
And all Allegiance to my *Crown* destroy'd:
Was ever Realm like mine?
What shall I say?
I am an *Exile* driven,
To Forrein parts, ——.
And of my Home bereaven.
What shall I doe?
--- Alas, wherere I goe;
My Life's in danger by a cruel Foe:
I know not whom to trust:
And all my care,
Is, --- how my *Subjects* in my Fate will fare.
Ah me — forsaken — and — forlorn!
Nor Realm, nor Wrongs,
Nor Case, nor Grief,
Nor Foes, nor Friends:
Were ever like to mine.

With that he sigh'd; and ceas'd.
And then begun,
The Mother-Queen;
And thus bespoke her Son,
in
The Fourth Speech.

My deareſt Son, and Soveraign;
Hear I pray ——————
A Mothers Counſell, and her words obey.
It's true ——————
Your Caſe, ſo ſad; and Grief, ſo deep;
O'reflowes the tears of Mourners (hir'd to weep)
Your Verball Friends, but Reall Foes in Deeds;
The deepeſt Grief, and ſaddeſt Caſe exceeds.
Your Realm's in Common ——————
And in Chief, your wrong;
Outvyes the Cryes of *Hadadrimmons* tongue.
Yet ——————
May'nt baſe Fear, your Noble heart ſurprize;
For, we do'nt know, nor may, the myſteries,
Of God's permiſſive *Providence*: —— Oh no;
His winding Feet, upon the Waters goe:
There is no Tract, nor Line, nor Rule, whereby,
His *Paths* to finde; or *Footſteps* to deſcry.
Yet——————
In an hopefull wonder, ſee 'tis Day,
Although the Sun's Eclips'd,
His Lightſome Ray,
Will pierce, ere long, the darkeſt Clouds.
Your Crown ——————
And Throne, and Scepter, may be hurled down:

Your

Your Forces, beaten:
And your Self, made flie,
With dreadfull ſpeed for your ſecurity:
In outward ſhew, paſt Help:
Admit —— yet then,
The Lord of Hoſts, can Rally up agen.
By Him, Kings Reign:
And upon whom, he pleaſe;
He Crowns the Iſſues of his cloſe Decrees.
His Preſcience, is a Secret;
And we muſt,
Submit (in Duty) to His Will;
And truſt his Word Reveal'd:
For why? we cannot tell,
How ſoon the *Traitor* ſhall be dragg'd to Hell.
God hath his *Time*:
Then uſe what means you can;
To Repoſſeſſe your Rights;
'Tis God not Man;
By many, or by few, the Conqueſt gives;
Before the *Traitor* his Reproach outlives.
Serve God, in truth:
And when his *Time* is come,
He can advance you to a *Peacefull Throne*.
He is the ſame, he was:
In Mercy ſtill, moſt infinite;
If't be his Holy Will,
He can, and may Enthrone you; — howſoere,
Let not your Hope, be overcome by Fear.

No (*ſaith the Duke*) *and (with a pretty ſmile)*
Thus Courts the King, his Brother: —— *in.*

The

The Fifth Speech.

Wee ——————
(For conſolation met)
Are, in Conſultation ſet,
That comfort, and aſſiſtance might,
Be given for your Native Right:
And (lo) an Angel doth appear,
Which puts us in a Hopefull -- fear.

A bright Cloud is ſeen, and an Angel in the Cloud: his face ſhining like the Sun: and armed like a man of War, and having in the one hand a Golden Crown; in the other, a Flaming Sword; he brandiſhes the Sword, then ſets the Crown upon the Kings head, and ſo vaniſhes, being

The Fourth Shew.

Whereupon the Prince proceeds; and ſayes,

See, ſee, ——————
A Viſion doth foretell,
The Rebels woe, my Soveraigns weal.
Not he, that girds his Harneſſe on;
But, puts it off; the Field hath won.
The men of *Ai* prevail'd at firſt,
And forc'd Gods Forces to the worſt:
While *Achan* plunder'd, there could be;
No hope, of any Victory:
But found, and puniſht; God returns:
Defeats the Foe: the City Burns:

God's

God's Cauſe, and Captain, did (at laſt) prevail;
And ſo ſhall ever, though a while they fail.
Ah Sir! I know, we have Offended:
And what's Amiſs, muſt be Amended:
Some Perſon, or ſome Thing, there is;
God Plagues, with ſuch Calamities.
Let's ſearch, and try our wayes; and then;
God will lead In, and Out, your Men:
Your Cauſe, is Good; and in the End,
The Viſion doth your Good portend:
Cheer up (dear Sir) and truſt the King of Kings,
You ſhall prevail, and do the higheſt things.
Yea, ſaid the other Duke, in ——

The Sixt Speech.

——— And ſo You ſhall,
Riſe moſt Tryumphant, from your loweſt Fall.
You ſhall ——
For, God Rewards; and wil, ere long;
The bloody Actors, of a Princes wrong.
We finde the end, of *Shimei*; who Revil'd
His Soveraign Lord; And Traiterouſly Stil'd,
The King; a man of *Belial*: though the ſame,
He did Confeſs; and for his Pardon came,
With all Submiſſion; yet ——he guilty ſtood,
And's hoary Head, went to the Grave, in Blood.
God owns Kings ſo, that, who ſo wrongs their right,
Out-faces God, and doth his Power deſpite.
For — *ſolo Deo minor*, is the King;
And He is Gods Immediate Underling.
There's no Coercive Power under heaven,
Againſt the King; but what's Directive given.

All Kings, are Sacred : and their Unction, is ;
Oyl-Holy——Gods : and All, myſterious Ties,
From Evil, in the Heart ; and Tongue ; and Hand ;
Againſt their Perſons, and their juſt Command.
Hence (ſure) it was, that *Abſolon*, was ſo ;
With fatal Arrows, ſmitten three times through :
For's Heart, and Hand, and Tongue, did all, go on ;
To Act a threefold Treaſon ; All, in One.
Or elſe becauſe, that Rebels are the Foes ;
Which do the bleſſed Trinity oppoſe.
Or elſe becauſe, they do reſiſt the Way ;
Of God's : of States : and of the Churches Sway.
A wretched End he had : twixt Heaven and Earth,
Hang'd by his Hair, as in a Snare for death :
In's height of Sin, and in his ſtrength of Treaſon ;
He's ſlain, untimely ; in a timely Seaſon.
Moſt Timely, as for David ;
Though untimely, as for Abſolon.
Then ſaid Shemaiah,

Speaking
The Seventh Speech.

We muſt not think, unequal are God's wayes ;
Or, He denies us, when he us Delayes :
We muſt not think, becauſe he doth forbear ;
That he forgets, what Sins, and Sinners are.
God cannot be, but what he is : moſt True :
Moſt Mighty : Wiſe : and what's moſt Juſt, will do.
The Soul that Sins ; ſhall Dye. God's only Son,
(As one that Sin'd) before the Judge muſt come :
Not for to Plead, yet can ; nor ſtrive, yet able ;
Both to confute, and to confound, the Rabble :

But,

But, as made Sin for Us; that Sin'd; that ſo —
We that ſo Sinn'd, may be (as Juſt) let go:
Him, as for Us; Us, as in Him; God tries:
He bears our blame; and for our Sins he dies.
Becauſe Chriſt took our Nature; to become,
Our Pledge; our Price; and our Redemption:
God is ſo Juſt, he will not ſpare his *Son*,
But Sinful made —— by Imputation:
The Soul that Sins ſhall dye. And will God then,
Excuſe the ſinfull'ſt of the Sons of Men?
The Father's Sin, ſha'nt ly upon the Son;
And ſhall the Subjects, on the King; and's Throne?
Shall Rebels be unpuniſht, or ſhall they——
That have condemn'd,----and made their King away,
By an unheard-of-murder? ſhall they be
Exempt from Juſtice, as by Law made Free?
Shall They, that have deſpis'd the Son of God;
And's Word, and's Will, (as under foot) have trod?
Shall They be ever Green? and ſhall the Bayes,
Of ſuch Offences, flouriſh to their Praiſe?
Then, is our Faith in vain; and all our Hope,
Of Retribution, as a Sandy Rope.
We cleanſe our hearts, & waſh our hands, for nought,
But Inward Peace; which now as nothing's thought.
We ſuffer much, and All, to Little end;
If All to Loſs, and to Misfortune tend.
Why then did *Moſes*, leave the Princely Sport,
Of ſuch a Pallace, as was *Pharaohs* Court?
Or, why did *Joſeph* ſhun the Courting Stream,
Of Stollen waters, from his Princely Dame?
Why were the Scriptures writ? and what ado ——
Is there of Judgement, and Damnation too?

What do we talk of God, of Heaven, or Hell,
If they be beſt, that in the Worſt excel.
'Twere vain indeed, the General ſayes,

The Eight Speech.

'Twere boot; ——
To Rant, and Rore; and have a *Requiem* to't.
But it as True, as Old; and each one knows;
That, Traitors Tryumphs, have their overthrows.
Though *Haggith*'s Son, with Royal wings doth fly;
And *Joab*, and *Abiather* ſtand by:
Though He (by Them) have All, and Each, as Vile,
Beſides Himſelf; Himſelf admires awhile.
Though's Colours fly: and Drums in triumph beat:
And Sounding Trumpets ſerve, to ſerve in's meat:
Though All ſeem well; and nought as Ill, to ſee;
What ere He does, and where ſo ere He be:
Though Horſe, and Chariots, and his fifty Boyes,
Do run before his Kingſhip: —— All, are Toyes.
For fall He ſhall: and fall He did; that Day,
He made's Requeſt, He made his Life away.
Thus, — its as true, as old; and Each one Knows;
A Traitors weal, is Uſher to his Woes.
Unlawful Acts, by means unlawful done;
Are thin, and weak; and by the Spider ſpun.
You Sacred Sir, can tell.
I can: and Here;
By Sacred Story, it ſhall plain appear,
Saith the High Prieſt —— in ——

The Ninth Speech.

When *Corah*'s craft, had blear'd the Peoples Eyes,
And made ſo many of the Princes Riſe:

The

The chiefeſt men; the men of moſt renown:
Famous, for Birth; and for their Worth, made known:
He as the Beſt; and only man for Zeal;
Becomes the Speaker, for the publique Weal:
And (by a kind of helliſh witchcraft led)
They all ſubmit to this Rebellious Head:
Who, having thus, ſuch Members to aſſiſt him;
He goes to *Moſes*; and doth thus reſiſt him.
You — you, Sir *Moſes* and your Brother too: *Corah.*
Muſt All of Us, be trampled, on by You?
What is the Reaſon, of Advancing thus,
Your ſelves above your Brethren? *God's with Us,*
As well as You: and All of Us (as One)
Are Holy, in the Congregation.
Wee'l not be Fool'd in to a Regal way;
And You, Command; and we (forſooth) Obey.
What have you done (quoth *Dathan*) thus to be, *Dathan.*
The only Two, for your Supremacy?
Is't not enough, that from a wealthy Land
(With Milk and Hony flowing) thy Command,
Hath led Us hither, to this barren Place;
To be the Food, for Famine, and Diſgrace:
Except Thou be our Prince: and make Us bow,
And yield our Necks, to thy Subjuging too?
Yes (quoth *Abiram* — *Abiram.*
---Where are thoſe Fruitful fields;
That Milk and Honey, and ſuch plenty yeilds?
What wilt thou do? Doſt think, we do not ſee;
Thy proud Intention, what thou meanſt to be?
No, no, wee'l not come up: call---call agen;
Let Them come up, that know no Stratagem.

We'l make you know your Princedom's not so great,
But we are able to defeat your Feat.
There's *Corah* come, and tell Him truly now,
(Or we will make you) why ye make Us bow.
Thus what with words, and mixing Threats withall,
Moses and *Aaron* on their Faces Fall:
As strangely sham'd: or zealously affear'd:
To see the Lightning, from such Thunder hear'd.
They could not speak, as yet: but ere awhile;
Moses doth tell them, in a fair-foul Stile;
What they should do; and should from thence infer;
VVhat Stars, were fixt; and what, Erratique were.
They soon should know who were the good, or bad;
That God Secluded, or Selected had,
To Minister before him: They should see
VVho Holy were, and who Unholy be.
The Rebels then, they took (as *Moses* said)
Censers, and Fire; and thereon Incense laid:
And then (with *Moses* and with *Aaron*) stood,
Before the Place, where God his Glory shew'd.
Before (their Prince and Priest, and now) the Lord,
They stand (presuming upon *Corah*'s word)
And dare Appeal (as free from All Offence)
To God's strict Justice, and Omniscience.
Thus,—damned Pride, leads Traitors to the worst,
Of wilful Sins, to make them most Accurst:
From One Sin, to Another; still they go;
And fear no Evil, till they feel the Blow:
Which, shall so Sudden, and so Dismal be;
As, by the Vengeance; you, their Sin shall see.
This — God, to *Moses*: *He*, the People shews;
VVho, *Corahs* Tents, and Congregation views.

They

They touch not, ought, is Theirs : but agen,
Review, for Separation : *Moſes* then,
Beſpeaks them thus.
Now, ſhall you hereby know ;
Both who I am, and whence; and what I do,
Is all from God : and what a Horrid Sin,
ReBellion is, the way that *Corah*'s in.
If you ſhall ſee, the Earth in ſunder cleave ;
And all theſe men, and whatſoe'er they have ;
Be ſwallowed, quick; and go alive, to Hell ;
Then, by the Vengeance ; you, their Sin may tell.
And as he ſpake, it was : a diſmal Grave ,
Did them, their Tents and all their Goods receave :
And (nothing left) the Earth did cloſe agen,
To be a warning for *Rebellious Men*,
Who, but for ſpeaking, though they did not Do ;
The murderous Act, of bloudy Treaſon too :
Yet, — ſee how ſtrictly, God in fury ſmites,
The mouthy Tauntings, of the SaCRed Rites :
The Earth, deſtroyes : the Fire, doth devour :
The bold Blaſphemers, of the Higher Power.

With that all the Levites ſtood up, and having each of them an Inſtrument of Muſique in his hand :
They make Obeyſance to the King,
And then they Play, and thus they ſing.

The Second Song.

Sir, wait awhile ; while God your Patience tries,
By ſuffering Traitors, in their Villanies :
For, there are woes
For your Foes,
Prepared :

Not

Not a Common Visitation, shall,
Bold-bloody-Rebels, at the last befall,
Then let not Those,
That Oppose,
Be fear'd.
Chorus.
Though *Pharaoh* Boast,
He'l *Israel* confound:
Yet *Pharoh's* crost,
And he and's Host are Drownd.
Sir be content; as *Moses* was, by you:
Moses foretold: and may your Highness too:
That, there are woes,
For your Foes,
Prepar'd:
As *Moses* did: So shall your Highness see,
In *Corah's*, *Jeroboam's* Destinie:
Then, let not Those,
That Oppose,
Be fear'd.
Chorus.
Though *Pharaoh* boast,
He'l *Israel* confound;
Yet *Pharoh's* crost,
And He, and's Host are Drownd.

Then, as they made a Warbling Close, both of their Song, and Musique; Behold,

The Fifth Shew's presented;
Being
A spacious Field, and two Armies, in Aray; the Kings, and the Rebels: and joyning Battel, the Kings side prevails. Whereupon

Whereupon (all crying Victoria, Victoria*) an Old man (wearing a Mantle of Camels Hair, girt about with a Leithern Girdle) preſents Himſelf before the King; to whom (being demanded who he was, and what he would) he ſaid* ——

The Tenth Speech.

What needed *Endors* Witch, by Magick Spell,
To make the Devil, a Prophet; and to tell——
The fatal State of *Saul?*
For, (firſt) his curſed ſparing *Agag*'s Self: 1.
Then (ſecondly) his Lying for the Pelf: 2.
Thirdly, his killing the Lord's Prieſts: 3.
And (fourthly) Hunting for —— 4.
The pretious Life of *David:*
(Whoſe worth, the Virgins, in a Dance did Sing;
And next to *Saul*, was the Anointed King.)
Fiftly, (deſpairing) his preſuming Folly, 5.
In *Samuel*'s place, to be (unholy) Holy:
Laſtly, from God, unto a Witch, he going;
Reſolves the Queſtion (to his juſt Undoing.)
That Vengeance waits on Sinners: ſuch, as ſtill;
Reſiſt the Good, and do perſiſt in Ill:
Sin, with delight; and in their Spite, Oppoſe,
God's way, and Will: God will (at laſt) Depoſe.
What needed *Endors* Witch,
By Magick Spell, ——
To make the Devil, a Prophet?
This Truth, this Day, is with a Sun-beam writ;
And Theſe, and After-times ſhall witneſs it.
For th' bloud, of many hundred thouſands ſhed;
The hideous Cries, of thouſands, almoſt dead:

The total-ſtrange Defeat: and direful Fate,
Of *Jeroboam*; — In his tenfold State:
His two and twenty years Poſſeſſion:
His mighty Hoſt: Eight hundred thouſand ſtrong;
His cunning Ambuſh: and his Forces, double:
(Flouted, and routed; to his treble trouble.)
Then,—his ſad *Exit*, from the Stage of warre;
Shew,—what the Iſſues of Rebellion are.
See, how the Field is ſtaind with Blood: and then —
Obſerve the number: rally up agen,
Thy thankful thoughts: don't wonder; in ſuch wayes,
(Although ſo long permitted; —) that, their days;
(At longeſt) are but ſhort; and bad (at Beſt)
Not all their Pomp, can give one hour of Reſt.
Their Guards are vain: their ſtrongeſt Bars, are weak:
Their Sentinels, by night, and day, do ſpeak,
Their Guilt, and Fear. Where's *Jeroboam now?*
(The Old Commander) unto whom, did bow;
So many, and they All;
(The Sons of *Belial.*)
Where's his Calf—— Gods,
And Idol (ſelf-made) Prieſts,
Where's all his double-odds?
Oh how is *Iſrael*, bewitcht, with Treaſon!
Though God himſelf, be Captain for his King;
And lead the van: and Angels, either Wing:
Yet,— joyn they Battel; and their ſhooting to't:
Till God draws out, & breaks through Horſe & Foot,
Diſranks, Diſorders, and Deſtroyes the Foe,
And gives at once, an utter Overthrow.
I ſee it now, — and now, upon the Day;
I come, the Tribute of my thanks to pay;

To

To pay, devoutly tender'd unto God;
Who with his Holy Arm, and Iron Rod;
Hath made the Truth, moſt timouſly to bring,
Praiſe, to his Name: and Safety, to his King.

Upon this, was an Allarm from within; and lamentable out-cryes made; and thereupon,

The Sixt, and laſt Shew's preſented,
Being

Two Cities, Dan, *and* Bethel: *and in* Bethel, *the Junćto-Council; wherein, ſate* Jeroboam, *in a Chair of State: Hell, under him; the Devil, behind him: and King* Abijah *in a Throne, above him: whom when the Rebel ſaw; he cries out---- O Treaſon, Treaſon: what have I done, and how was I bewitch't. O Treaſon, Treaſon: ceaſing, to be Loyal; I left to be Religious; I firſt, forſook my King: and then my God:*

Thus, by degrees I fell; and now, I fall;
To be more wretched, then Accurſed Saul.

With that, the Devil tares him in pieces, and throwes him into Hell. Whereupon, the Party for Abijah, *clap their hands: and (praiſing God, and Praying for the King) the Levites take again their ſeveral Inſtruments of Muſick; and (one holding up the Picture of* Jeroboam, *in a frame of Gold.) they ſung*

The Third and laſt ſong.

As they began, there came in ſix Maſquers; each in green ſilk, wrought over with gold ſpangles: their Temples wreath'd with Bayes; their Vizards all different, but beautiful and ſmiling.

These six (at the close of every Eight verses) dance the Antique; and Dancing, sing the Chorus.)

1.

The Person, and his Power's gone:
What's worth your Contemplation?
This Picture? or this fairer Frame?
(Deserving better then it's Name)
No, no, th' memory, the Sight;
Each Part, and Faculty, that's right;
throws the picture down, & breaks it. Abhors the Shadow of the faireſt, Paint,
Which makes the foulest Devil seem a Saint.

The CHORUS.

Come, dance we may,
'Tis *Psyche's* Play;
And Holy-day,
At Court,
At Court;
And Holy-day,
At Court:
Traitors (though Crown'd,
And most Renown'd)
God will confound,
With sport,
With sport;
God will confound,
With sport.

2.

God did, and doth, and ere will Bless,
The Better Cause, with Best Success.
Traitors may speed awhile; and bring;
A shameful *EXIT*, on their King:

Rebels

Rebels may Rule, untill their Sins,
Be ripe for Judgment: then begins,
The just Observer of the *Prince*'s wrongs;
To plead their Rights, in spite of Rebels tongues.

CHORUS.

With Musique choyce,
Of Hand and Voyce;
Sing and rejoyce;
We may,
We may;
Sing, and rejoyce,
We may:
The Traitors Crown,
And all's Renown,
Is fallen down,
To day,
To day,
Is fallen down
To day.

3.

The Lord of Hosts, the King is for;
And *Regicide* doth most abhorre:
He'le fright, and smite the proudest He,
That's guilty of Disloyaltie.
The Scepter, from Usurpers hands,
Shall fall by horrid Countermands.
And all the Guiltlesse Blood, that hath bin spilt;
Shall (to their torment) be their Endlesse Guilt.

CHORUS.

Come, dance, we may,
'Tis *Psyche*'s Play,

And Holy-day,
At Court,
At Court;
And Holy-day,
At Court:
Traitors (though Crown'd,
And moſt Renown'd)
God will confound,
With ſport,
With ſport:
God will confound,
With ſport.

4.

Here's *Jeroboam*, who of late,
Did Check the *King*; hath now Check mate,
And all his Choſen men of Warre,
Eight hundred thouſand ſtrong; yet are,
Defeated, and deſtroyed ſo,
With ſuch a fearfull-fatall blow:
The Higheſt Traitor may his Downfall ſee;
And in's Rebellion finde a Prodigie.

CHORUS.

With Muſique choyce,
Of Hand, and Voyce;
Sing, and rejoyce,
We may,
We may,
Sing, and rejoyce,
We may.
The Traitors Crown,
And all's Renown,

Is

Is fallen down,
To day,
To day,
Is fallen down,
To day.

With that, there was a Sound of Drums and Trumpets: and Pſyche *(with an obſervant haſte) goes, to preſent the* King, *with the* Maſque, *in writing. Which done,* Pſyche's *good Angel beſpeaks her thus;*

Come prethee *Pſyche* haſte away,
Upon the Earth,
Is no long mirth:
And I am gone, nor may You ſtay.

She hears, ſhe anſwers; and ſhe cryes,
Let none think much,
Our mirth is ſuch;
And by an *Eccho*, He replies.
as followeth, in

The EPILOGUE.

Pſyche. *Angel.*
Ah woe is me (unhappy One)
And is my Guide, and Guard, thus gone?
ECCHO. *Gone.*
But hark, ye'nt That, the Muſique choyce,
Of his fair Hand, and warbling Voyce?
O-yes.
The *Eccho*'s His: ah could I know,
But whether I am mockt, or no?
Noe.

Oh

Psyche. *Angel.*

Oh (my dearest) were I there,
Or (my dearest) were you here.

ECCHO. *U--here.*

Descend I prethee, and fullfill,
Or mine, or Thine; what's your's my Will.

I--will.

Oh haste, I faint; what shall I say?
What shall I doe? Oh speak, I pray.

Pray.

The Duty's just; and I'le persever,
(If thou wilt *Teach* me) in It ever.

Ever.

With that, she Bowes, & Kneels; and (Kneeling) prayes:
The Angel comes, and each (Ascending) sayes:

Farewell,
Fare-well:
---- Yea, Wellfare may our Farewell be,
To his most *saCRed Majesty.*
The (1) Oak, the (2) Olive, and the (3) Vine,
Their Boughs, as well as Roots, entwine.
The (1) stately, (2) cheerfull, (3) fruitfull Trees.
Emblematize Prosperitie:
That; (1) *Power*, (2) *Peace*, (3) & *Plenty*, may—
Be still our Pillars, for our *Stay.*

Enough,——now, our *Divining Masque* is done:
We must attend upon the *Rising Sunne.*
Leaving *Good Times*, to prove our *Better Newes*,
As True, as Told, in *Speeches*, *Songs*, and *Shewes.*

THE END.

O Read. Monday Aug.st 5th 1793.